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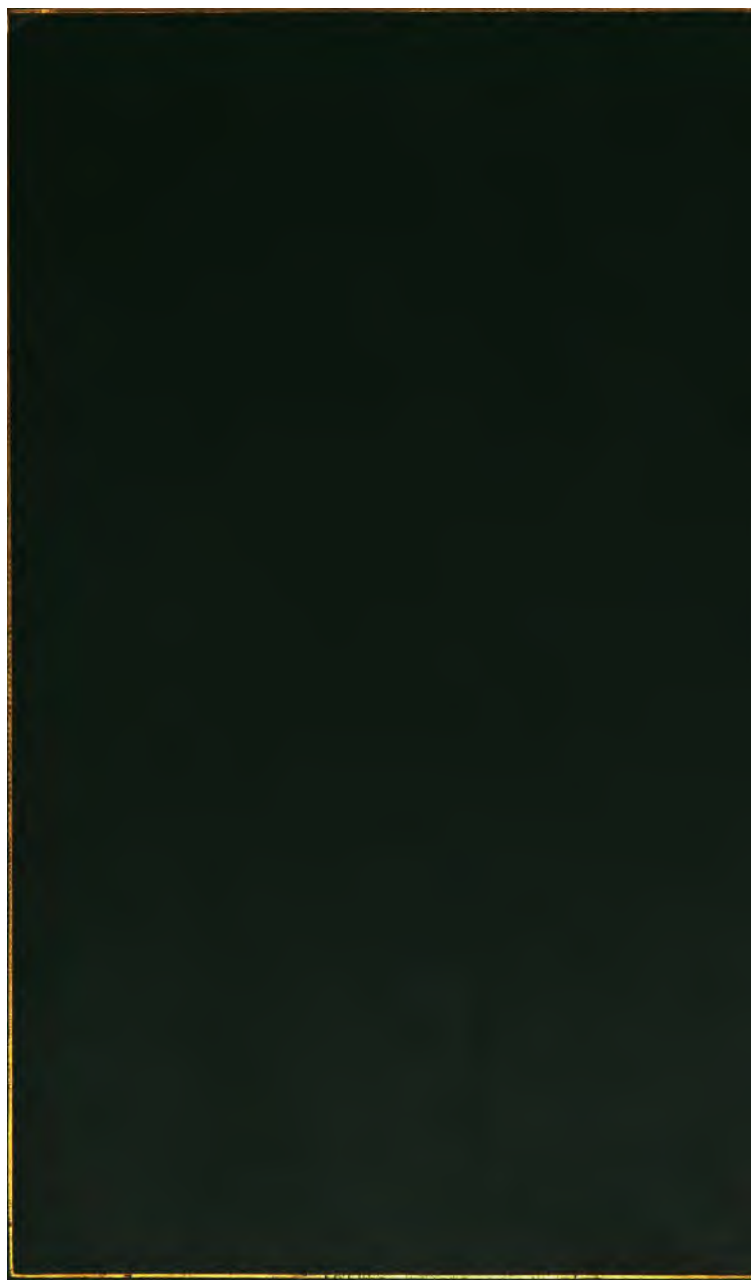
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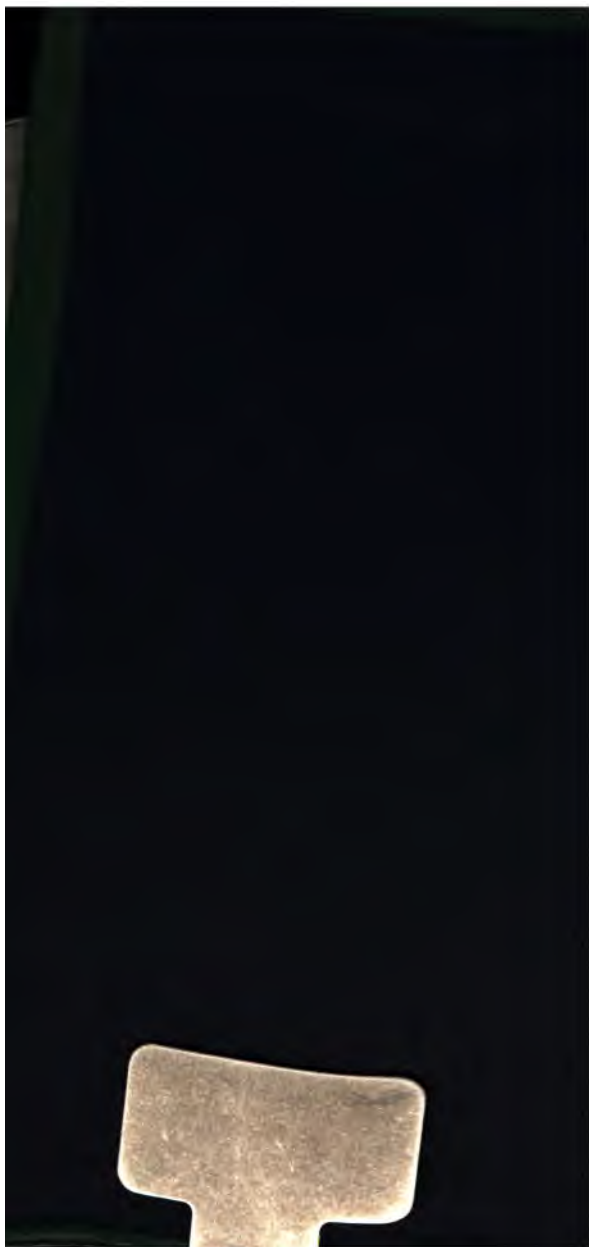
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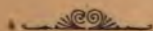




ECHOES OF THE CITY.







ECHOES OF THE CITY.







# ECHOES of The CITY.

EDWIN C. SMALES.

"Read NATURE: NATURE is a friend to **TRUTH**."—*Young*.

MANCHESTER:  
JOHN ALLEY,  
CONVILLE HOUSE,  
BLACKFRIARS.

1883.

80. f 51.



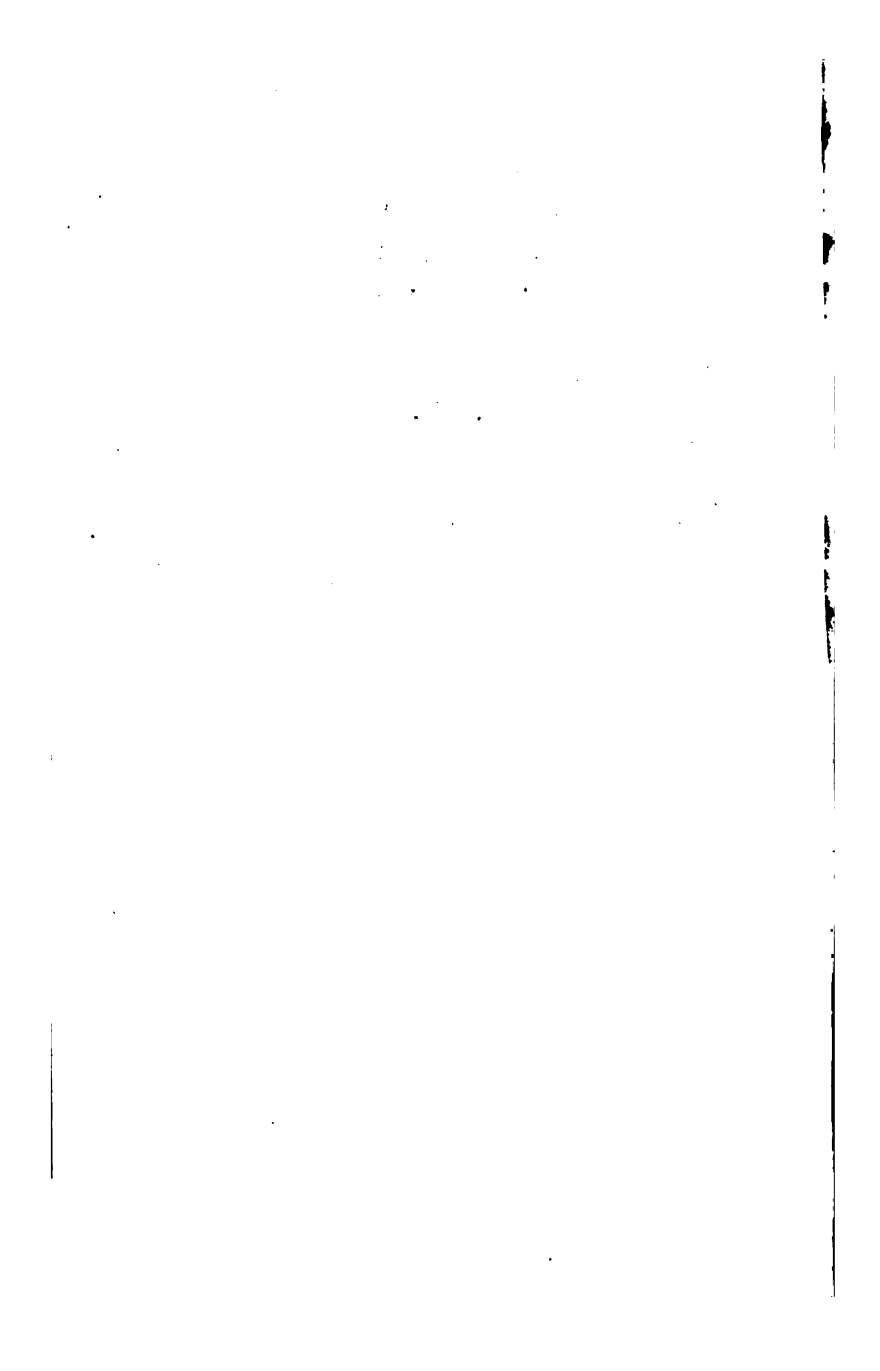
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ECHOES OF THE CITY.





moods of daily conflict, is incompatible with a love and reverence for the eternal lessons to be derived from a constantly deepening and widening knowledge of the external world. Such mutual dependence and reaction of Nature, and of Life, I have endeavoured to depict in the graver efforts of this series, whilst in the lighter portions, I have sought to catch a few of the more salient incongruities of our modern manners.

E. C. S.

## PROEM.

WE buy, and sell, and toil, from day to day :  
Our busy life is bounded by the walls  
Of gloomy offices, wherein we raise  
A hollow shrine to Mammon, and bow down  
In meek devotion, till a golden film  
Obscures our vision of the outer world,  
And steals into the tissue of the brain,  
Breeding a fell disease that turns the thoughts  
Into ignoble channels, dark, impure ;—  
While in our ears the ceaseless hum of crowds  
Recalls the dreary moaning of the sea.  
But still in idle moments, gazing out  
Thro' dusty windows to the fair blue sky,  
We feel a gleam of sunshine now and then  
Upon our upturned faces, and our thoughts  
Unbidden roam thro' quiet country lanes  
Where fancy hears the strains of singing-birds,  
The drowsy hum of bees :—and then we sigh,

And turning to our task again, are sad.  
Here in the city, moving to and fro,  
There comes a painful yearning at the heart  
To know the hidden meaning of this strife :—  
This “struggle for existence,” that becomes  
More fiercely grim and bitter year by year :  
And weary of the fight I stand apart,  
And with a 'prentice brush essay to paint  
The lights and shadows of this working world.  
And yet,—amid the tumult of the streets,  
I hear the rippling music of the brooks,  
And songs of birds : my freshened soul is glad,  
Striving to rise with faintly-fluttering wings  
Above the passions and the scorn of men,  
Into a purer air, whence gazing down,  
It glories in the loveliness that clothes  
The hills and valleys of this fair green earth.

---

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

ONE sunny day, a bright-eyed pilgrim came  
To Faith's fair temple, where a fountain shed  
Its healing waters, and twin guardians fed  
With unremitting care the Sacred Flame ;  
He saw dead flowers of early spring : " O shame !  
Your shrine should bloom with Summer's gifts," he  
said,

And while the hearers marvelled, Rumor spread  
Those simple words thro' all the courts of Fame.

That Delphic voice is silent now ; no more  
Its trumpet-tones re-echo thro' the land.  
The fiery pillar quits its desert sand  
To gleam effulgent on the Timeless Shore,  
Where rose at Eve the Spirit-wind that bore  
The new Evangel to the Western strand.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE.

FROM what dim heights did thy entrancéd soul  
Behold the orient glamour of the earth,  
When thro' thy frame the God-sent nectar stole  
That gave celestial visions joyous birth !  
To what supernal founts of mystic lore  
Did thy sweet fancy lead thee, ere the gloom  
Of midnight, spectre-haunted, hovered o'er  
The frowning portals of thy early tomb !  
Like ISRAFEL, whose heart-strings are a lute,  
Thy being flowed with glad melodious lays,  
Which angels hearing, marvelled, and were mute,  
While mortals raised to heaven a hymn of praise !  
Thy lyre is silent : by its broken strings  
Eternal Beauty stands with drooping wings.

## THE MOODS OF NATURE.

ONE day I wandered thro' a dismal wood,  
In which there seemed nought living but myself  
To break the gloomy silence of the place.  
The spectral trees stretched forth their giant arms,  
As if in anger, that such peace profound  
Should thus be rudely broken, and the leaves  
Hung motionless : no light-winged zephyr stirred,  
No sunbeam played amidst their death-like forms,  
And the dull air was cold,—so cold that e'en  
My very blood was chilled within my veins,  
While ever and anon, the ghostly shapes  
Of things unearthly rose before my sight,  
Imagination-bred midst fost'ring gloom.

Emerging from the depths of that lone wood  
I came upon the margin of a lake,

And there upon a flower-strewn bank I sat,  
To view the quiet beauty of the scene,  
That lay before me bathed in golden mist,  
Which hung between the water and the sky  
A thin transparent veil.  
I heard the plashing of the puny waves  
Against the pebbles and the gnarléd roots  
Of agéd moss-grown trees, and there beheld  
The queen-like lily on her verdant couch  
Rising and falling on the gentle swell  
Of sunlit waters, nigh the pleasant shade  
Of overhanging branches intertwined,  
From which the woodbine and the milk-white rose  
Mingled their odors, where the toiling bees  
And fairy-butterflies were wont to linger.  
Amidst the tall brown-crested water-reeds  
A swan, the fair embodiment of grace,  
Was slowly sailing with imperious motion,  
While far upon the bosom of the lake  
Two lovers interchanging love's fond vows  
Were idly drifting in a tiny craft,  
They knew not, cared not, whither,—only felt  
A sense of dreamy pleasure, for they lived  
In the sweet sunlight of each other's eyes,—  
Two linkéd souls in silken fetters bound,  
And breathing forth the harmony of Heaven.

And as I gazed upon that blissful pair  
The willing maiden took her lute and sang  
With simple prelude on the trembling strings,  
The story of the water-sprite and rose.

## SONG.

I WAS seated one morn by the river,  
Down where the water-reeds grow,  
And the sun on the eastern horizon  
Was tinging the hills with its glow,  
When I saw the fair form of a beautiful rose,  
Blush rose, in the water below.

Perchance some deceitful young lover  
Had thrown thee away in disdain,  
A token of trustful affection  
Red with the blush of love's pain !  
O, maiden true,—too easily won,  
’Tis sad to have loved in vain !

“Whither away, sweet rosebud,  
Floating along with the tide ?”  
“Wherever the fair river floweth,”  
Softly the red rose sighed :  
“O, rest on my bosom, and we will sail  
Away to the ocean wide !”



Brightly the innocent sunbeams  
Shone on the river's clear breast,  
Gaily the lark and the linn<sup>e</sup>t  
Rose from their dew-laden nest,  
And the zephyr of morning issued forth  
From its home in the realms of the West.

O, what a pleasure ecstatic,  
What visions of woodland and lea !  
And far, far away in the distance  
What gleams of a limitless sea !  
And the water-reeds curving their delicate necks  
Nodded and whispered to me.

Thro' the tremulous mists of the morning  
We journeyed,—the red rose and I,  
Around us, the fields and the meadows,  
Above us, the clouds and the sky :  
And the primrose high on the reedy bank  
Murmured a tender "good-bye !"

Under the dark oaken covert,  
Under the alder shade,—  
Now in the home of the lilies,—  
Now in a watery glade,  
And amid the grey rocks, and the caverns deep  
Beneath us the troutlets played.

The butterflies hovered around us,  
The dragon-flies shot thro' the air,  
And even the wary old otter  
Peeped forth from the depths of his lair :  
While the birds in the trees, gazing wistfully down,  
Sang sweetly—"The rose is fair !"

"Then O for a fairy bark,  
And O for a babbling stream,  
When valley and mountain and woodland,  
Thro' the mists of the morning gleam :  
When the sunbeams play on the silvery spray,  
And Life is a beautiful dream !"

E'en as the trembling music died away,  
From grove and thicket rose the joyous sounds  
Of many birds, whose sweet exultant notes  
Ascending in united song proclaimed  
Creation's endless Pæan to her God.  
O, sunlit lake, in many a pleasant dream  
I view the golden glory on thy breast,  
And hear thy wavelets rippling, with a sound  
Like water falling in a fairy shell :  
And tho' these visions stay not, there remains  
A sense of music throbbing thro' my life !

## THE DYING WARRIOR.

“ONE last request ! One last request !”  
The dying warrior faintly said,  
“ Ere I in endless slumber rest  
My agéd limbs and weary head.  
O, let me quaff the blood-red wine,  
Before my languid senses fade ;  
And in this weak right hand of mine  
Hold once again my trusty blade !”

The sorrowing vassals, true and tried,  
That stood around their dying lord,  
To fetch the ruddy goblet hied,  
And brought to him his valiant sword.  
He felt the rosy wine impart  
New vigor to his feeble hand,  
A martial ardor filled his heart,—  
He fondly kissed his noble brand.

“O, thou hast drunk the foeman’s blood  
As I have quaffed the blood-red wine :  
’Till now all foes have I withstood  
Thanks to thy valor, sword of mine !”  
Thus spake the knight, in accents free,  
Exclaiming with his latest breath,  
“One foe at last hath conquered me,  
I yield my sword to thee, O Death !”

---

## THE SUNBEAM AND THE WATER-LILY.

A LILY on a lake's fair breast,  
Reposed her graceful milk-white crest.  
All night in tranced sleep she lay  
Beneath the moon's mesmeric ray ;  
With silken curtains round her head,  
She lay as one that lieth dead.  
But when the midday sun was high,  
A merry sunbeam wandering by,  
The snowy drapery withdrew  
That hid the lily's charms from view.  
Love pierced his heart, and half-afraid,  
He gazed upon the sleeping maid.  
Swift as he looked, his courage came,  
Enkindled by his new-born flame,  
And as a bee sweet nectar sips  
He drew love's honey from her lips.  
The maid awoke to thoughts of bliss,  
Charmed by the magic of the kiss,  
And dazzled by the gleam of light,  
At first she failed to see the sprite,

But when the sunbeam stood confessed,  
A sudden rapture filled her breast,  
And trembling like a wounded dove,  
She felt the pleasing pain of love.  
"O do not yet my boldness chide,"  
The merry-hearted sunbeam cried:  
"For love, sweet naiad, conquers all,  
And ever holds us in its thrall."  
The lily blushing, softly sighed,  
And modestly to him replied,  
Thy kindred, sir, I know, forsooth,  
Are pledged to honesty and truth;  
No dainty flower that ever grew,  
Has found thy princely race untrue,  
So that I fear not to confess  
The rapture of thy sweet caress;  
Prithee, fair sunbeam, rest awhile  
To cheer me with thy gracious smile,  
And we will pass the hours away,  
In a bright summer holiday.  
Then shalt thou hear the purest notes,  
That ever issued from the throats  
Of birds that sing, in pleasant shade,  
Sweet songs from every leafy glade.  
The bee that gaily buzzes by,  
With honey on its golden thigh,

Shall praise anew the glow that lies,  
Like liquid gold within thine eyes,  
And light-winged zephyrs bring to thee  
Fresh odors from the hawthorn-tree,  
And all bright things of earth and air,  
Shall whisper "thou art passing fair!"  
Even thus the lovely water-maid,  
(Not of love's confidence afraid)  
Spoke softly in the eager ear  
Of her entranced cavalier,  
Who, blushing with an airy grace,  
Close-pressed her in his warm embrace.  
And thus with lover's talk and play  
They passed the summer hours away  
Until the evening shadows fell,  
Dissolving love's encircling spell,  
When with a bitter-sweet "Good-night!"  
The golden sunbeam winged his flight,  
And gently on the lake's fair breast,  
The lily dropped her milk-white crest,  
And thro' the night in sleep she lay,  
Beneath the moon's mesmeric ray,  
With silken curtains round her head,  
Lying as one that lieth dead.

*MORS VICTRIX.*

## THE STORM (EVENING).

SWIFTLY the sable-hued Night wrapped the Earth in  
its mantle of darkness,  
Veiling the face of the sky in a gloom that was heavy  
and starless.

Loud in that darkness profound was the seething of  
boisterous billows,—  
Billows that broke on the rocks with a crash like the  
pealing of thunder.

Madly the hurricane roared as it tossed the white  
waves to the heavens,  
Driving before it the spray as the leaves are blown  
forth in the Autumn.

So did the storm in its fury ride on to its work of  
destruction,  
Heedless of wreck or disaster and deaf to the wail of  
the dying.



## CALM (MORNING).

Back from the circling sea-beach the whispering  
waters receded,

Back from the surf-beaten rocks with a slow and  
majestical motion.

Surfaced with silvery foam the soft bosom of ocean  
was heaving,

Like to the waving of trees, when the wind murmurs  
dreamily thro' them.

Nothing distinctly was heard, save the cry of a gull  
flying seaward,

And the monotonous music of waves rippling over  
the pebbles.

Over the eastern horizon fair Phœbus, the life-giving  
sun-god,

Rose from his watery couch in the pride of his youth  
sempiternal,

Touching with bright golden wand the ethereal clouds  
and the ocean,

Changing, by subtle enchantment, night's gloom into  
brilliant morning.

Woody by the soft-breathing zephyr fast winging its  
way o'er the foreland,  
Nature awoke from her trance and stood glist'ning  
with dew in the sunshine.

Stood with her warm-glowing members enrobed in a  
garment of flowers,  
Like to fair Flora of old—a goddess effulgent in  
beauty.

There on the yellow-ribb'd sand lay a beautiful vision  
of boyhood,  
Seemingly sleeping in peace, with his placid brow pale  
in the sunlight.

Masses of light golden hair intermingled with shingle  
and seaweed  
Lay on that white marble brow, softly kissed by the  
pitying sunbeams.

Shrine of a fond mother's deity! never again shall she  
press thee  
Close to her quick-beating heart in the joy of maternal  
devotion ;

Never again shall she see the fair form from which  
life has deserted

Clasped in her quivering arms at the close of the  
prosperous voyage.

Weep for the pleasures departed, thou woman of  
tender compassion,  
(Death claims its tribute from all, but the life of the  
soul is immortal !)

Weep, for the burden of sorrow so grievously pressing  
upon thee  
May pass away with thy tears, as snow-flakes are  
melted in water.

Go to the limitless sea, and perchance it will list to  
thy story ;  
Tell to the lingering zephyr the tale of a mother's  
dejection !

---

## THRO' THE SMOKE-WREATHS.

By the brightly-glowing embers,  
Seated in my old arm-chair,  
Once, like visions, passed before me,  
Pictures dimly traced in air.

Pictures limnéd in the smoke-wreaths,  
From my cherished meerschaum's bowl,—  
Pictures that 'mid solemn silence  
Spoke in music to my soul.

In that strange and mystic silence  
Ancient mem'ries in me woke,—  
Friendly faces gazed upon me,  
Thro' the wreaths of curling smoke.

Faces of the golden spring-time,—  
Smiling faces of the past,  
From my memory's deeps recalling  
Spots where my young lot was cast.

And the thoughts that rose within me,  
Scarce could human lips impart,  
For the tongue can hardly utter  
What is dearest to the heart !

Once again my footsteps wander  
By the stream that skirts the wood :  
In the distance lies the valley,  
Where my father's cottage stood.

Once again with boyish rapture,  
Lost in depths of knightly lore,  
I behold the long procession  
Of the chivalry of yore.

Fearless knight and winsome maiden,  
Pilgrims of a bygone age,  
Surely your life-hist'ry teaches  
Lessons both for child and sage.

For there still are those who suffer,  
And there still are lives to save ;  
Then let each, like bold knight-errant,  
Play his part amongst the brave !

And with banners brightly gleaming  
Comes a strange fantastic train  
From the fairy-realms of Fancy,  
Where the merry elf-kings reign.

But as shadows of the dawning  
Fade before the light of day  
So those visions, with the smoke-wreaths  
Growing fainter, pass away.

---

## PERDITA.

THE wind blows cold and thro' the dismal street  
Stalks night's grim guardian on his lonely 'beat,'  
While looming dim beneath the lamps' faint glow,  
The river rolls its dusky tide below.

The City sleeps,—from many a stately tower  
The City clocks have tolled the midnight hour :  
No glimmering star sheds forth its feeble light,  
And sable clouds obscure the Queen of Night.

What human spectre, pale and dressed in rags,  
Is this that roams the cold deserted flags?  
*A Woman!* O, what stern relentless fate  
Impels her hither,—and the night so late?

Within the precincts of the City vast,  
Is there no shelter from the chilly blast?  
E'en tho' her life be stained with nameless sin  
Will no good Christian take the lost one in?

Where now is he, the wretch who blandly came  
With flattering speech, and wooed thee to thy shame?  
Where now are those who sought thee in thy prime  
To plunge thee into deeper depths of crime?

O, weary lives whose springs of pleasure fail !  
O, wounded hearts that break and tell no tale !  
O, bitter sighs that rend the aching breast !  
O, tired limbs that long to be at rest !

Like one who fain would from her misery hide,  
She wanders feebly to the river-side :  
Her pallid lips are moving as in prayer,  
And one long sigh falls on the midnight air.

Now, plunging wildly in the passive stream  
She breaks the spell of life's disordered dream.  
A splash;—no more;—the waters onward roll,  
Great God, have mercy on her sinful soul!

No friend or lover breathes a last farewell !  
O'er her sad grave there tolls no solemn knell !  
No mortal mourns, but o'er that wat'ry bier  
*An angel glancing earthward drops a tear !*



## COBWEBS.

ROAMING thro' an ancient mansion,  
Haunted by long-buried years,  
From the past there stole upon me,  
Thoughts that filled my eyes with tears.

For the sound of voices lingered,  
Sadly round the crumbling walls :  
And like spirit-forms the shadows,  
Deepened in the vaulted halls.

And the mystic gloom oppressed me  
With a close encircling spell :  
Thro' the oaken rooms my footfalls  
Faintly echoed like a knell.

And amongst the dusty relics  
That recalled the ages fled,  
There, I found a lute whose presence  
Breathed a message from the dead.

Dainty hands had erstwhile wandered  
O'er its quick-pulsating strings,  
Drawing draughts of sweetest music  
From their deep eternal springs.

Doubtless some fair Maid of Fortune  
Had in trembling accents sung  
Love's sweet ditties to that music,  
When her virgin heart was young.

*Now*, upon the silent lute-strings,  
Where those loving fingers strayed,  
Dusky cobwebs gathered thickly,  
And the loathsome spider preyed.

As I conjured up its story,  
Thro' my brain the fancy ran,  
That the lute was like a picture  
Of the hidden soul of man.

For 'tis *there* where music dwelleth,  
Waiting like a prisoned dove  
Till its bars are gently opened  
By the magic touch of Love.

O, how oft that touch is wanting,  
While the years that onward roll,  
Still are spinning dusky cobwebs  
O'er the lute-strings of the soul !

## HAPPINESS.

WOULD'ST thou find the habitations where true happiness doth dwell,  
Then search not the shady cloister, nor the hermit's gloomy cell.  
Seek in Life's broad field of action; in the senate, in the mart,  
Where the Nation's progress needeth willing hand and kindly heart.  
Search the hard and dusty highway, where the forms of men are rife,  
Marching onward, marching ever, in the busy press of life.  
There, in sunshine and in shadow, let thy banner be unfurled,  
Not for honor, not for glory, nor the praises of the world,—

But to aid in Wisdom's conflict 'gainst the powers  
that darkly move  
In the dim uncertain pathway of the brothers that we  
love.  
Let not wealth's bright visions lure thee to prefer  
thy selfish aims  
To the cause of human freedom and the heart-pangs  
that it claims !  
What is wealth that we should hoard it ; have we not  
our humble 'poor '  
Crying hard for food and raiment even at our very  
door ?  
(And I think the saddest picture that the universe  
doth hold,  
Is the care-worn miser gloating o'er his wretched bags  
of gold.)  
Are there no sad helpless brothers, whom the world  
holds in disdain,  
Asking us to ease their burdens, and shall these  
appeal in vain ?  
Happiness hath no fixed dwelling, fawneth not on  
pomp nor state,  
But like rain from heaven it falleth on the poor as on  
the great.  
'Tis no blessing that pertaineth only to the rich man's  
lot,

Thou wilt find its sweetest fragrance in the peasant's  
lowly cot.

Some there are who boldly seek it in the battle's  
fierce array,

Where the cruel sword is thirsting like a bloodhound  
for its prey,

Winning lives of luckless foemen,—carving some grand  
martial name,

That shall blaze in blood-red letters on the sacred  
scroll of Fame.

Others love the book of Nature, and its mysteries  
explore,

And for those who truly read it, there exists no richer  
lore.

Some there are—O, blissful mortals ! happier far than  
tongue can tell,

Whom the power of Music holdeth in a sweet and  
mystic spell.

'Twere in vain to name the pleasures sought by  
Fortune-favored men,

They are oft' but empty shadows, far beyond the poor  
man's ken ;

And our happiness dependeth not alone on Fortune's  
dole,

But on those sweet springs of action that possess  
the human soul.

Then, when Duty plainly calleth, let thy willing heart  
reply,

"I will use each moment wisely as the fruitful years  
go by,

Glowing with a light as steadfast as the stars that  
shine above,

And the motto that shall guide me shall be '*Happiness  
and Love !*'"

---

## THE SONG OF THE SEA-NYMPH.

FAIR is the night,  
And the bright new moon,  
In her palace far away,  
With the modest mien  
Of a maiden-queen,  
Looks down on the silvery spray.

O, a moonbeam-path  
On the midnight sea,  
When the golden stars shine bright,  
Is a joyous scene  
For an ocean queen,  
In the calm of a summer's night !

O, a mournful strain  
Do the billows sing,  
As o'er their crests I float ;  
And I love to hear  
Their voices clear,  
As I sail in my fairy boat.

On the shadowy beach  
The wavelets fall,  
Murmuring as they flow,  
“Treasures have we,  
Far in the sea,  
Some thousand fathoms low !”

Oh ! I love the sea  
With a wondrous love ;  
And o'er its breast to roam,  
Is a sweet delight,  
On a summer's night,  
When the waves are tipped with foam.

As my tiny oars  
Bedewed with spray,  
To its endless dirge keep time,  
Away I float  
In my fairy boat,  
For I fly from clime to clime.

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## THE OLD MILL-WHEEL.

TWELVE long years have passed for ever,—  
Years that I have borne but ill,  
Since I stood beside the streamlet  
And the ancient water-mill.  
Then she loved me, O, how fondly!  
And her love did not conceal;  
But our hearts beat time together  
To the clacking of the wheel.

And the golden days of Summer  
Were to us a blissful dream,  
As we wandered thro' the meadows,  
By the laughing old mill-stream.  
O, 'twas pleasant there to linger,  
And the joys of love to feel,  
In that silence, only broken  
By the plashing of the wheel.

But she died,—great Mother Nature  
Claimed the life that once she gave,  
And I fled to fight the foeman,  
And to seek a soldier's grave.

But above the cannon's tumult,  
And the cruel clash of steel,  
I have heard, like muffled thunder,  
The sad music of the wheel.

Cruel Fate, that no stray bullet  
Found its billet in my heart,—  
That from restless dreams of battle,  
I should waken with a start.  
And, I ask my soul,—“What Eden  
Will the rolling years reveal?”  
This I ask :—the only answer  
Is the throbbing of the wheel !

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## SONG.

THE shadows of the summer night  
Had fallen softly on the plain :  
The moonbeams shone with steady light,  
Around the dying and the slain ;  
And thro' the mists of evening stole,  
The " Miserere Domine."

In yonder saintly Convent old,  
There rose to Heaven an earnest prayer,  
As fiercely in the distance rolled  
The tumult on the midnight air,  
And thro' the mists of evening stole,  
The " Miserere Domine."

At Dawn the nuns with silent tread,  
Came where the battle's victims lay,  
To soothe their last cold earthy bed  
Before their souls had passed away,  
And thro' the dim gray morning stole,  
The " Miserere Domine."

## SOUL-QUERIES.

Is man but an atom, a speck,  
Endowed with an heirloom of Hate,  
A spar from a storm-driven wreck,  
Borne on the billows of Fate ?  
Does he move at his will like a god,  
Or is he the slave of a Law,  
A bond-servant kissing the rod,  
That smites him with terror and awe ?  
Is Life but a ray in the gloom,  
A bauble, an old wife's tale,  
A journey whose goal is the tomb,—  
Is it midnight beyond the veil ?  
    O for the heart-song, of sorrow,  
    O for the long weary way ;  
    'Strange that a doubtful to-morrow  
    Should trouble the thoughts of to-day!

What do the centuries tell,  
What does our knowledge reveal,  
Do we listen to Hope's solemn knell,  
Or the tones of a Holiday-peal?  
What of the primitive man  
Braving the terrors unknown,—  
What of the poor Caliban,  
Filling the earth with his moan,—  
What of the blood-red hand,  
Sealed on the forehead of Time,  
What of the pitiless brand  
That looms thro' the ages of crime?  
    O for the heart-song of sorrow,  
    O for the long weary way ;  
    'Strange that a doubtful to-morrow  
    Should trouble the thoughts of to-day!

Is Liberty only a dream,  
A chronic disease of the brain,—  
A bubble on life's rapid stream,  
Born but to perish again?  
Do we behold thro' the mist  
The bourne to which all things tend,—  
Is the heart a false guide to insist  
That Truth will prevail in the end?

Like mariners lost in the night,  
On the waves of a perilous sea,  
We watch for the beacon-light,  
On the shores of Eternity !

O for the heart-song of sorrow,  
O for the long weary way ;  
'Strange that a doubtful to-morrow  
Should trouble the thoughts of to-day!

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## TIM.

UNDER the archway creeps  
    Poor little Tim :  
Reared in Misfortune's deeps,—  
    God pity him !

Snugly the young and fair  
    Sleep in their bed :  
Cold is the chamber where  
    Tim lays his head !

Lost, 'mid the City's throng,—  
    Sad and unblest,  
No tender nurse's song  
    Soothes *him* to rest !

No child of Fortune he,  
    Reared amid flowers,  
Want and stern Misery  
    Watched *his* young hours !

Hard is his cruel fate,—  
Cold and ill-clad :  
God, in Thy mercy great,  
Pity the lad !

Dreary the place and bleak,—  
Night breezes moan,  
Fanning his pallid cheek,  
Pillowed on stone.

O, may thy dreams be fair,  
Child of the street !  
Why should thy fortunes bear  
Nought that is sweet ?

---



## THE EVENING-CIGAR.

THERE is 'truth in the wine's flowing measure,'  
And a rapture I would not debar ;  
But the truth and the rapture I treasure  
I find in the Evening-Cigar !

O the bliss of a fragrant Havana  
Enjoyed with the friend we love best,—  
'Tis the sweetest celestial manna  
With which we poor mortals are blest !

How quickly 'the weed' seems to banish  
The spectres of sorrow and care !  
With the smoke-rings they silently vanish,  
Dissolved in the ambient air.

How it smooths out the wrinkles, and lightens  
The grief that lies dark on the brow,  
At the thought of lost friendships, and heightens  
Our love for the friends living now !

What a sound of sweet harmony lingers  
When the door of the heart stands ajar,—  
Like the voices of heavenly singers  
That herald the birth of a star !

How the currents of Fancy, entwining,  
Rush forth with the speed of the wind,—  
Crystal streams that are ever refining,  
The life-thoughts that flow from the mind !

O how fondly the memory dwelleth  
On the Past with its tempest and strife,  
While the tongue with soft cadences telleth  
The things that are dearer than Life !

“Come, old friend, we are birds of a feather,  
Let our thoughts roam in friendship afar,  
While our souls intermingle together  
In the smoke of our Evening-Cigar !”

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*AURI SACRA FAMES.*

GROVELTON GRUBB was a City gent,  
Whoso motto in life was 'cent per cent'!—  
A bachelor he ;—for his heart was cold,  
And the love of his life was gold,—bright gold !

Gold to him had a musical chink,—  
Gold, bright gold, was his food and drink,  
Gold was his passport,—his magical rod,  
Gold was his hobby,—gold was his god !

From early morn 'till late at night,  
He worked for gold,—and he held it tight ;  
Thro' the summer heat, and the winter cold,  
He slaved in the City for gold, bright gold !

Charity got from him nought but a sneer,—  
His eyes could not weep a compassionate tear ;  
What was his business? Well, he lent  
Small sums of money at cent per cent.

This was the source of his wealth ;—but stay !  
He kept a store ‘in a general way,’  
Where people bought;—and were sometimes *sold*;  
O, how he loved it, his gold, bright gold !

Many a ruined home and heart  
Could many a ghastly tale impart,  
Of blighted hopes, and direful need,  
Caused by his merciless, miserly greed.

Tales of poverty, tales of shame,  
Telling of things that we dare not name :—  
'Tis well, perhaps, that they are not told,  
For a horrible thing is the lust for gold !

Well, Grubb fell sick,—fell so grievously ill  
That he sent for a Doctor, one Æsculap Squill.  
Squill came ;—felt his pulse ;—then solemnly swore  
That he never had seen such strange symptoms before !

In short, he averred that no man in his place  
Would deal, single-handed, with such a strange case ;  
He proposed, and 'twas carried when put to the vote,  
To call to his aid a Physician of note.

Thus met at the house of the man of wealth,  
A Committee to argue the state of his health ;  
Gravely it stood by the side of his bed,  
And examined its patient from heel to head.

What was the disease ? Well, they scarcely could say,  
But they hum'd and ha'd ! in a doctorly way ;  
They also found on a closer view,  
That *the skin of his face had a golden hue !*

They lanced a vein in his arm, and lo !  
*A golden fluid began to flow ;*  
They made a hot bath, and they put him therein,  
*When the gold oozed out at the pores of his skin !*

Tho' no one could doubt the professional skill  
Of the learned Physician and Æsculap Squill,  
Old Grubb never rallied, tho' often he tried,  
And in spite of all efforts to save him, he died.

It is still a moot question that needs a reply,  
Of what strange disease did old Grovelton die ?  
If I give an opinion, pray don't think me bold,  
But he died, I should say, of a *Surplus of Gold !*

## THE JERRY-BUILDER.

ONE evening, when the sky was clear,  
And Autumn's leaves were brown,  
It happened that I strolled around  
The suburbs of the town.

But where were now the meadows green,  
The fields and hedges gay,—  
The rural scenes that I beheld  
When last I passed that way?

All these had gone, and in their place,  
'Twas strange indeed to see  
Those jerry structures that are known  
As '*real* property.'

We say this is an 'iron age,'  
—Which statement may be true,—  
I think we ought to add, an 'age  
Of bricks and mortar,' too.

Where once the modest daisy grew  
Upon the meadow green,  
Now brick and mortar, slate and tile,  
Have quite transformed the scene.

Of course 'tis only proper, that  
Increasing population  
Should never be at loss to find  
Increased accommodation.

The honest builder sees the want,  
And in a mood quite merry,  
He knocks those little houses up  
Which playful folk call 'jerry.'

Turning the corner of a street  
Built on this 'jerry' plan,  
It happened that I ran against  
A scare-crow of a man.

He had a wild and restless eye,  
A 'lean and hungry' air ;  
The greasy old frock-coat he wore  
Was buttoned up with care,—

As if in order to conceal  
His want of shirt or vest,  
Or to restrain the sighs that rose  
Within his agéd breast.

I would have passed that wretched man,  
Only he seized my hand,  
Gazing upon me in a way  
I could not understand.

He fixed me with his glittering eye,—  
I heard him sadly moan,  
“Beware the jerry-builder, and  
Beware the soft trombone”!

I marked his ‘wild and restless’ look,  
I thought that he was mad;—  
To see a man in such a plight,  
’Tis really very sad !

I pitied him, but wished to go,  
And begged he would release  
My hand ;—if not, I told him that  
I’d quickly call ‘Police’!



At this he set me free, and said  
Once more in doleful tone,  
“Beware the jerry-builder, and  
Beware the soft trombone”!

“Have pity, sir,” he sadly sighed,  
“On my unhappy fate,  
And grant me your attention, while  
My story I relate.

“At night no rest can I obtain,—  
My eyelids will not close,  
Until to someone I have told  
The story of my woes.

“And so I wander up and down,  
And search until I find,  
Some fellow-man to whom I can  
Relieve my burdened mind.”

“O, well,” said I, “if that’s the case,  
You may at once ‘disclose,’  
I would not for the world prevent  
Your chance of ‘sweet repose.’”

He smiled, to show his gratitude,—  
That 'lean and hungry' man,  
And then in mournful accents he  
His story quaint, began.

"By dint of thrifty business ways,  
I had acquired some pelf,  
So ease and comfort in old age,  
I promised to myself.

"I therefore, with this end in view,  
Retired from business strife,  
And with a goodly bank-account  
I settled down for life.

"But O, how futile are the plans  
That simple men devise,  
And O, how bitter is the woe  
That comes in friendly guise!

"He was a man of property,  
A man of real estate;  
Of title deeds and mortgages,  
To me he'd deftly prate.

“He showed by facts and figures, in  
A way most evident,  
That houses safer were than stock  
Of British Government.

“And then to prove his argument  
And friendship unto me,  
He sold to me a solid block  
Of cottage property.

“And as the purchase-money came  
To more than I could find,  
He took a mortgage of the block,—  
He had a friendly mind!

“He said ‘it was the common way,’  
And strongly did aver,  
‘Twas just the thing that should be done  
By every purchaser.’

“For some time all went merrily,  
The rents were duly paid,  
And I began to think I had  
A good investment made.

“Till that sad day,—the thought of it  
Doth make me sigh and moan,—  
On which that tenant came, who played  
Upon the soft trombone.

“By night and day he played upon  
That horrid instrument,—  
His soul was full of harmony,—  
And thus he gave it vent !

“And as the walls were *somewhat* thin,  
Whene’er he chanced to blow,  
The sound invaded every house  
In that ill-fated row !

“At midnight, when the tenants wished  
Their weary eyes to close,  
They’d hear an ‘opening bar,’ which proved  
A *bar* to their repose.

“The husband, jaded with his toil,  
Deprived of well-earned sleep,  
Tossed restlessly upon his bed,  
And muttered curses deep.

“The women could not hear themselves  
Converse in all that din,  
—A thing which did indeed incense  
The mind that’s feminine,—

“And worst of all, those brazen notes  
Caused such a great vibration,  
The bricks and mortar of the walls  
Were soon in agitation !

“The slates fell off,—the roofs gave way,  
And all the windows cracked,—  
There was not in that ‘jerry’ row  
One building left intact !

“The tenants fled in wild dismay,  
With all their stock and store ;  
Such exodus in modern times,  
Was never seen before !

“And from that sad unhappy day,  
Upon that property,  
No tenant—were he ne’er so bold—  
Would dare to live,—rent-free !

“ My source of income being gone,  
No interest could I pay,  
Unto that friend who'd shown his worth  
In such a curious way.

“ And thus, in order to secure  
His debt and interest, he  
By public auction sold that row  
Of precious property.

“ 'Twas sold :—the purchase-money seemed  
Ridiculously small,—  
So that (the debt discharged) there was  
Just nothing left at all !

“ And this is why at night you see,  
My eyelids will not close,  
Until to someone I have told  
The story of my woes.

“ And this is why I sob and sigh,  
In melancholy tone,  
‘ Beware the jerry-builder and  
Beware the soft trombone ! ’ ”

## THE LITTLE CLOCKWORK-MAN.

TOMKINS in a 'City House'  
Long held a situation,  
And thirty shillings weekly was  
His sole remuneration.

For fifteen years had TOMKINS served  
GRINDEM DOWNE and Brother,  
And all his personality  
He had contrived to smother.

And TOMKINS, who was once a man  
With many a manly notion,  
Had by degrees become a mere  
Machine, with clockwork motion.

He was a conscientious man  
(All careless people scorning),  
And never was a moment late  
At business in a morning.

He strove with honest care to be  
A credit to his station,  
And always wore a black frock-coat,  
—It was the regulation.—

He had a little wife, who shared  
His matrimonial joys,—  
He likewise had a family  
Of little girls and boys.

No disappointment troubled him,—  
He bore it like a sage,  
And never for a moment thought  
To strike for higher wage.

To live a quiet, modest life  
He deemed the better plan,—  
He was a true philosopher,  
That little clockwork-man !

The only time he ever lost  
The tenor of his way,  
Was when five shillings more per week  
Were added to his pay.

He was o'erwhelmed with gratitude,  
“ This is too much,” he sighed—  
The clockwork motion ceased and then  
Poor little TOMKINS died.



## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

THREE knights once sat the festive board,—

Three bachelors jolly and gay :—

No adipose friars of olden time,

Were half so jolly as they.

No pale-faced foes to the flowing bowl,—

They each one loved good cheer :

Sir JOHN drank spirits, Sir GEORGE red wine,—

Sir RALPH, the foaming beer.

Said Sir JOHN, "I have wandered in distant lands,

Where the pleasures of life flow free,

But the greatest pleasure on earth I find

In a bottle of Scotch Whiskey!"

Said Sir GEORGE, "you may boast of your 'Irish' or  
'Scotch,'

But if a man wants to be merry,

Let him try the virtues of crusted old port,

Or a glorious bumper of sherry!"

Said Sir RALPH, "I don't hold with your spirits and  
wine,

Tho' I'm awfully fond of good cheer,  
And if a man wants to be happy and wise,  
Let him drink of the foaming beer!"

Then the laugh and the jest and the liquor went  
round,

'Till to drink they no longer were able,  
When each jolly knight said "'twas time to retire"!   
Rolling quietly under the table.

Next morn the old butler went into the hall,  
But nothing whatever found he,  
Save a cask of sherry, a cask of beer,  
And a cask of Scotch Whiskey.

And these lay under the festive board,  
(A curious place you will say)—  
On the very same spot where lately reposed  
Three bachelors jolly and gay.

"Last night," said he, "as I went to rest,  
I beheld thro' the open door,  
The slumbering figures of three jolly knights  
Reclining upon the hall-floor.

"This morning, however, no trace can I find  
Of jovial knights," said he,  
"But whence these casks of liquor have come  
Is a marvellous mystery!"

They searched the old castle—each cupboard and  
chink,—

They searched all the country around,  
And whatever their fate I can only relate,  
Those roysterers never were found.

Friar TOM of the neighbouring Convent, thought  
'Twas a clear case of 'transmigration,'  
"Of the truth of the doctrine," said he with a wink,  
"These casks are a manifestation."

O'er his rubicund mouth, on his rubicund face,  
A smile was observéd to flicker,—  
Quoth he, "I know not where their bodies may be,  
*But their souls have gone into the liquor*!"

## THE POET AND THE OYSTERMAN.

MY name is WORDSWORTH JENKINSON,  
And if you'll list to me,  
I'll tell you of my holiday,  
At Sandgate-by-the-Sea.

When I'm in town, I occupy  
A stool in Bedford Row,  
And serve the writs and summonses  
For COMMON LAW & Co.

When I'm at Sandgate-by-the-Sea,  
I *muse* along the shore,—  
'Tis my *amusement*, for I do  
The *Muses* much adore.

I'm somewhat of a poet, and  
(I hope you will not scoff)  
Like VIRGIL, 'make small verses'  
When my office-coat I doff.

For two short weeks each summer-time,  
To Sandgate I repair,  
To linger by the sad sea wave,  
For rest and change of air.

And there upon the beach I stray,  
To hear the wild waves moan ;  
And breathe that form of oxygen,  
That sages call 'ozone.'

So last July, I bade goodbye  
To Statute law with glee,—  
Took early train, and hurried down  
To Sandgate-by-the-Sea.

Now I have always thought it best  
To enjoy life while I can,  
—But what is life, when haunted by  
A hawking oysterman !—

For you must know that last July,  
I was beneath a ban,  
For every day there haunted me  
A hawking oysterman.

(I wonder what would MALLOCK say  
About the 'worth of life,'  
If he were haunted by a fiend  
Armed with an oyster-knife !)

One day, when with poetic thought  
My brain was all astir,  
I heard a voice, in accents mild,  
Say, ' Try an oyster, sir'!

And looking up with angry frown,  
Dark thoughts of murder ran  
Throughout my brain, as I beheld  
That hawking oysterman.

So bland was he, he seemed to me  
To emulate 'AH SIN':—  
At any rate he had a most  
Exasperating grin.

In dress he was Conservative,  
If judged by the hue  
Of trousers and of jersey, which  
Were manifestly *blue*.

To be intruded on like this,  
Methinks a saint would 'rile,'  
But what annoyed me most of all  
Was that confounded smile.

"I did not want to taste his ware,"  
I told him in a huff,  
I said "I'd see him :—*hanged* before  
I'd touch his nauseous stuff."

To gourmandise on oysters, may  
Suit 'Arry' and his 'pal,'  
But for a *poet* thus to feast !  
—"Tis unpoetical !—

He merely smiled,—an injured smile,  
And went upon his way,  
Suggesting that "perhaps I'd not  
The wherewithal to pay."

And from that day, that bitter day,  
Where'er I wandered, I  
Was sure to meet that fiendish man,  
And hear that horrid cry.

At last I took to lonely ways,  
It was no use, where'er  
I chanced to stray at morn or eve,  
That oysterman was there.

He moved along with stealthy tread,  
And smiled that fiendish smile,  
Alas, that open features should  
Conceal so much of guile !

He seemed to be ubiquitous,  
I could not find a place,  
Where I could hope to see no more,  
That villain's smiling face.

One sunny day as I lay down  
And dozed upon the strand,  
Before me I beheld once more,  
That haunting demon stand.

I sprang upright, I pitied not  
His terror-stricken air,—  
I did not even give him time  
To say one little prayer.



I seized upon that oysterman,  
    (I had the strength of three,)  
I swung him round, and round, and round,  
    Then hurled him out to sea.

I saw him rise—once,—twice,—three times,—  
    I yelled with wild delight,—  
I thought he murmured, “Oysters, Sir”!  
    Then disappeared from sight.

And then a phosphorescent glow  
    O’erspread the troubled sea,—  
Huge fishes rose from out the wave,  
    And slily winked at me.

Then shoals of scaly monsters swam  
    Ashore and gathered round,—  
They moved,—this strange aquatic host,  
    With wriggle, leap, and bound.

One stepped forth as a spokesman and  
    He seemed a patriarch,—  
His stripes moreover plainly showed  
    He was a fish of *mark*.

An oysterman, the spokesman said,  
Was not bad kind of food,  
And most exceptional the wind  
That blowed to no one good.

He begged to thank me on behalf  
Of many bi-valve friends,  
Remarking that "such deeds as mine,  
Would further noble ends."

The fishy deputation then  
Bowed lowly and withdrew,  
The spokesman slily hinting that  
They had a feast in view.

And then the horror of the deed,  
Struck me with blank amaze,  
I tried to move,—I could not stir,—  
My blood was all ablaze.

Just then, awaking from my dream,  
I found a youthful band,  
Of playful imps had covered me  
With heaps of yellow sand.

They laughed at my bewild'ring plight,  
They laughed,—those urchins small,—  
And I laughed too to find I'd done  
No murder after all.

But I have vowed that next year I  
Will roam the country round,  
To gain a spot where oystermen,  
Have never yet been found.

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## THE MONKEY'S TALE.

IT was night, in the midst of December, and I  
Was alone in my room,—and I cannot tell why,  
But my thoughts were a-roving and would not aspire  
To the book on my lap, but were lost in the fire.  
Now to gaze at the coals is a sin, I must own,  
When the thoughts should encompass th' occipital  
bone,

Described in such terms by a masterly pen,  
As would puzzle most people, save medical men.  
Whether lazy or weary I cannot well state,  
But there was I,—lost in the midst of the grate !  
Now I had not sat long when the sound of a knock  
Thro' my nerves sent a kind of electrical shock.  
For the knock at the door of my room, I am bound  
To confess, had a very peculiar sound,  
Which was different quite from the rap of a dun,  
Or the tap of my landlady, old Mrs. MUNN.

It was just in my thoughts that it might be a friend,  
Who had dropped in a jovial evening to spend,  
When on turning my head, I beheld such a sight,  
That I felt as if every hair stood upright  
In respectful amazement, wond'ring from where,  
Came the vision of ugliness close to my chair.  
When my senses had nearly recovered their sway,  
I in desperate accents attempted to say,  
"Most highly delighted to see you, I'm sure,  
Tho' I don't recollect having seen you before :  
Yet to judge by your structure and exquisite shape,  
You're my friend Mr. DARWIN'S own primitive ape.  
—Still you can't be an ape, for I see without fail  
You're possessed of a lengthy and elegant tail.  
But no matter whence come you ;—from near or from  
far,—

As a friend you are welcome whatever you are.  
May I ask what your object in calling may be,  
For your visit is quite unexpected, you see."  
"I will soon make it plain, if you'll listen awhile,"  
Said my visitor with a 'superior smile.'  
"The fact is, I heard from a friend at the 'Zoo'  
That an erudite tract had been published by you,  
To refute Mr. DARWIN'S great essay on Man,  
And deny, with much scorn, the 'development plan.'  
(If I knew your true object, I think I should find

It was only a method of 'raising the wind,')  
So I thought I'd look in,—out of kindness you know,  
Just to see how you were, and endeavour to show  
That some theories there advocated by you,  
Are entirely false, tho' they *may be* quite new.  
I'll not enter on details, which only perplex,  
And concerning small matters, well ! *non curat lex !*  
You maintain that from us, if mankind had descended  
They'd still have the caudal appendix appended.  
If you'll pay great attention, I'll try to explain  
How we monkeys have managed our tails to retain,  
And how men whose ancestors belonged to our race,  
By the loss of their tails, live in lasting disgrace.  
If you'll glance back with me at a primitive age,  
Whose events do not fill the historical page,  
You will see from what class you can trace your  
descent,

(But I'd have you to know that no insult is meant.)  
Some long centuries past a wise monkey bestowed  
On our nation a somewhat Draconian Code,  
Which enacted that persons convicted of theft,  
And some other great crimes, should of tails be bereft.  
Now there's nothing on earth that my kinsmen bewail  
Like the loss of a lengthy and beautiful tail,  
And to lose this adornment, esteemed by us all,  
Is the greatest disgrace that can ever befall

A true son of our noble ancésters who swung  
In the tropical woods, when the world was still young,  
Or sat dining on nuts, on some leaf-covered bough, —  
("How I wish," sighed my friend, "I were there with  
them now" !)

Well ! of course good society did not agree  
With the notion that felons should roam about, free,  
Thro' the forests and glades of its glorious land,  
So it drove them away with a merciless hand.  
Thus from kindred and home, went the tailless-ones  
forth,—

To the east and the west, to the south and the north,  
And wherever they wandered (to make matters worse,)   
Their descendants all felt the effects of the curse.  
For no tails were e'er grown by their children, and they  
Have remained so *curtailed* up to this very day.  
(If you give these remarks their true value and worth  
You will never hereafter be proud of your birth,)  
But you've doubtless succeeded in mending your ways  
Since the time of those distant and classical days,  
When in forests primeval in peace we abode,  
And our forefathers neither tilled, gathered, nor sowed,  
For I fear there are many refinements, alas !  
In which some of your number do greatly surpass  
Us poor monkeys !—I certainly venture to think  
That we ne'er could compete in the matter of 'drink,'

For I've seen a man swallow more spirits and beer  
In an evening than I could consume in a year.  
Then you smoke, chew, and"—(Here it was perfectly  
plain  
That my friend was in quite a sarcastical vein,)  
But at that very moment, I'm sorry to say  
I awoke, and the lecturer vanished away.

---



## YE BLANKET-TOSSING.

(A legend of the College of WEST-LEIGH.)

THE time was night, the witching hour, when boys in  
bed should be.

The place was situated in the Senior's Dormitory,  
In that home of classic wisdom, called the College of  
WEST-LEIGH.

So without a further preface the story I will tell,—  
The tale of sad disaster that so curiously befell  
A sturdy little student, one NICODEMUS BELL.  
Now there is an ancient custom I have heard, or may  
be, read,

Carried out with utmost rigor in the College aforesaid,  
Of enjoying sports and pastimes before getting into  
bed.

So on the night in question, as the chronicles do state,  
An idea took possession of some learned youngster's  
pate,

That a very ancient custom they should investigate.

No sooner was the thought conceived than forthwith  
acted on.

A blanket taken from a couch, young BELL was placed  
upon,

Of the corners of which fabric, each Senior-boy took  
one.

Then slowly rose the blanket, with its load of living  
freight,

Ascending and descending in a way extremely 'nate,'  
'Midst the joyous acclamations of the boys in white-  
robed state ;

But FORTUNA, always ready with her nasty horrid tricks,  
At the height of their enjoyment, placed them in an  
awkward fix,

For as BELL approached the ceiling rose the magic  
cry of 'Nix'!

It may have been enchantment, or it may have been  
a scare,—

In a second each young student seemed to slumber  
in his lair,

Leaving hapless NICODEMUS falling quickly thro' the  
air.

The 'Nix' on opening wide the door beheld a curious  
sight,

A white-robed form descending from the ceiling's lofty  
height !

And around her white neck there should cluster,  
Gems no Princess of Inde would despise,—  
But no jewels could equal the lustre  
That shines from her bonny blue eyes !

Tho' I'm only a clerk in the City,  
I have that which no wealth could impart,—  
It belonged years ago to sweet Kitty,  
'Tis that treasure of treasures, her heart ;—  
And whenever I speak of our marriage,  
Love's blushes glow warm on her cheek,—  
But I don't think she'll ride in a carriage,  
On twenty-five shillings a week !

---

## THE OLD SHOWMAN.

JOE JOLLEY, for twenty years or so,  
Had travelled about with a waxwork show,  
But owing to JOE's economical mind,  
And the fact that Dame Fortune had not been unkind,  
He was able, whilst still in the prime of his life,  
To withdraw from the scenes of professional strife,  
—And none could have guessed that this elderly beau  
Was once the 'boss' of a waxwork show.—  
And now of an evening JOE would stray  
Into old BEN DOGHERTY'S, 'over the way,'  
And of all BEN'S customers there was none  
As welcome as JOE at the 'Golden Sun,'  
For JOE was as hearty and jovial a man  
As ever was 'boss' of a waxwork van ;  
And, of course, having travelled the country thro',  
His mind was stored with a fact or two,  
He certainly never was known to fail  
With a humorous jest, or a curious tale ;  
And that was the reason of JOE's renown  
At the hostelry of our country town.

Like JOVE he loved his form to shroud  
In the mystic folds of a fleecy cloud,  
For JOE was fond of the soothing weed,  
And considered a pipe as a friend indeed.  
But in place of ambrosial nectar, he  
Was somewhat partial to *eau-de-vie*.  
I'll relate you a story I heard him tell  
Concerning the 'Beauty of Camberwell,'—  
One of the numerous yarns he spun  
In the snug little bar of the Golden Sun.—  
"Ye see," said Joe, with a vigorous puff,  
"What some people like is romantic stuff,"  
But there's not much o' that in a life like mine,  
Passed in the waxwork-showman line,  
And I don't hold with fiction, as some folk do,  
And a yarn's none the worse, when it's perfectly true.  
Well, I dare say some of ye may have seen  
At feast, or fair, on some village green,  
The show of a certain 'Mademoiselle,'  
MATILDA, the 'Beauty of Camberwell.'  
Now MATILDA was just turned twenty-three,  
And was fatter by far than she ought to be,  
So to prove how a woman *should* be fed,  
She showed herself at a penny a head.  
Now I never have held it '*comme-il-faut*'  
(That's French !) for a woman her figure to show

To the curious gaze of the people's eyes,  
Simply because of her wonderful size,—  
But, one thing's certain, she prospered well,  
Did MATILDA the 'Beauty of Camberwell.'  
She certainly might have grown wealthy quite,  
Had it not been for her appetite,—  
And that was something, I've heard folk say,  
To see and to dream of for many a day,  
And of that same appetite, something queer  
There is to be told which ye shall hear.  
The 'Beauty' may be, on account of her size  
Was considered a *great* matrimonial prize,  
But of all the admirers of Beauty's Queen  
The one most favored was AL SAREEN.  
This AL SAREEN (real name MC.NEIL)  
Made a very good living by swallowing steel,  
Being a juggler—that is to say,  
He swallowed it in a professional way.  
I know not how steel with the stomach agrees,  
But he'd swallow a sword with the greatest of ease.  
(Should I call him 'MAC,' or AL SAREEN,  
Of course ye will know the party I mean.)  
Well, MATILDA and AL SAREEN got wed,  
'Twas an excellent match, so the people all said,  
But ye'll think ere I finish my story, I ween,  
'Twas a very bad match for this same AL SAREEN.

Commercially speaking, I'm bound to confess  
The union looked like a splendid success,  
For more and more at the door they drew,  
And fatter and plumper MATILDA grew.  
But (a very strange thing !) it was plain to be seen  
As *she* kept increasing, her husband grew lean,  
In fact *he* became so remarkably thin  
That his bones seemed to wish to escape from his skin !  
Now MAC had a friend, one JONATHAN BETTS  
—Owner of waxworks and marionettes—  
And it happened one night, as at supper he sat,  
At the door of his van came a feeble rat-tat,  
And who should appear but our friend AL SAREEN  
With a sadly dejected and woe-begone mien.  
“Glad to see ye,” said BETTS, as he laid down his knife,  
“How is business, yourself, and your excellent wife ?  
By-the-bye, if you haven't had supper to-night  
You are perfectly welcome to take a wee bite.”  
Then AL SAREEN, without more ado,  
An old deal box to the table drew,  
And just for a moment he eyed the fare,  
With a dazed and hungry kind of glare.  
A pigeon pie, some cold sheep's head,  
Some pickles, and half a loaf of bread,—  
These were the eatables set before MAC  
When he sat at the table to take a wee snack.

Well, the table was cleared so remarkably quick,  
That he might have been doing a conjuring trick ;  
Not a word spoke BETTS, but with all his might  
He stared as each article vanished from sight,  
But, of course, on the subject he made no remark  
Tho' his visitor ate like a ravenous shark.  
So the pigeon pie and the cold sheep's head  
Vanished along with the pickles and bread.  
Then up rose MAC with a long-drawn sigh,  
And he gazed upon BETTS with a tear in his eye,  
And thus he lamented to JONATHAN BETTS  
—Owner of waxworks and marionettes—  
“ It's quite a pleasure, old chap, to feel  
That I've just enjoyed 'a good square meal,'  
For at our establishment, day by day,  
Victuals do go in a wonderful way.  
Ye see all along o' that woman o' mine,  
It's not very often I'm able to dine,  
To dine ! that would be a remarkable feat,  
For it's not very often there's ought to eat,  
With MATILDA'S appetite ye see  
There aint no chance for a chap like me,  
And butcher's and baker's and poulterer's bills,  
Aint the least of a poor man's ills,  
For what's more disastrous, the show don't pay,  
For she eats and drinks all the profits away,



And, as for myself, it is seldom that I  
Get a chance of a feed, however I try.  
Why this very morning, the butcher's man,  
Called with a round of beef for the van,  
I chanced to go out and I'm sorry to state  
On returning home I was somewhat late,  
Well, would ye believe it? as I am a sinner  
*Matilda had had the whole round for her dinner !*"  
Poor MAC's long face was a pitiful sight,  
BETTS tried to console him (and well he might !)  
He didn't succeed, tho' he did his best.  
Then MAC departed :—as to the rest  
Of MAC's career one evening he,  
Ruptured himself internally.  
A new sword-blade he had lately bought,  
Went somewhat further than it ought,  
( 'Twas said that he was so tired of life,  
It was purposely done to escape from his wife ! )  
Well, just three weeks from that very day,  
In the prime of his life, he passed away.  
And thus ye see that poor MC.NEIL  
Died as he'd lived,—by swallowing steel !  
And that is the yarn JOE JOLLEY spun  
In the snug little bar of the 'Golden Sun.'

## AN ÆSTHETIC LAY OF MAY FAIR.

SHE comes,—my own æsthetic queen—  
Athwart the moonbeam's glimmering sheen,  
Her robe is of a sad sage green,  
How utter !

Within her hand, a lily fair,—  
A peacock's feather in her hair ;  
Her smile, how exquisite ! how rare !  
How utter !

The sunflower or the lily, she  
Will gaze upon with ecstasy,  
Then she will murmur dreamily,  
How utter !

She also loves cracked china, blue,  
Will sit for hours its charms to view,—  
Says 'tis 'intense,' and quite 'too too,'  
How utter !

From those who sought this maid to wed  
She chose a youth, whose hair was red,—  
Like molten gold upon his head,  
How utter !

This youth 'consummate' and refined,  
Died—victim of a cold east wind—  
Left symphonies—and debts,—behind.

How utter !

She once did at my suit deride,—  
Said she could only be the bride  
Of that young man who lately died,

How utter !

But since I've grown æsthetic too,  
She does not scorn me when I woo,  
And now we live like lovers true,

How utter !

Upon the dado now I dote,—  
Each phrase æsthetic know by rote,—  
And wear a sunflower in my coat,

How utter !

---

## DEAD MEN'S SHOES.

LADY JANE DE BON AIR was exceedingly fair,  
Had a trim little waist, and a beautiful pair  
Of expressive blue eyes, calculated to make  
The time-honored creed of an anchorite shake,—  
A figure with all modest graces replete,  
And a smile that was most indescribably sweet,—  
Long-flowing tresses—like waves on the sea—  
A neat Roman nose, and was turned twenty-three.  
Now Sir ABRA CADABRA was ugly and old,—  
The rumored possessor of riches untold,—  
Mineralogist, Botanist, Alchemist, Sage,—  
In short quite the cleverest man of his age.  
Learn'd in mysterious black-letter lore,  
And acquainted with sciences one or two score.  
In a turretted castle he lived quite alone,  
And was said to have found the 'Philosopher's Stone,'  
(By means of whose power the sages of old  
Sought in vain to transmute baser metals to gold.)

Such was Sir ABRA CADABRA, and he,  
Tho' quite hearty and hale, was just turned sixty-three.  
It was simply astounding (at his time of life),  
That Sir ABRA CADABRA should seek for a wife,—  
What *could* have incited his whimsical brain  
To propose for the hand of the fair Lady JANE?  
What *could* have possessed her to play such a part,  
As to give him her lily-white hand—not her heart,—  
For that was bestowed on Sir RUPERT SANS FEE,—  
A Knight who could boast of a family tree,  
Which began to strike root, as I firmly believe,  
In the 'Age Kainozoic' of Adam and Eve.  
But Sir RUPERT, tho' heir of his time-honored house,  
Was as poor 'as an ecclesiastical mouse',—  
Of possessions he'd none, save his valiant blade,  
Which had cut down his wealth, in a recent crusade.  
Lady JANE, Lady JANE, it is perfectly plain  
That you richly deserved honest people's disdain,  
For you'd never have wed one so ugly and old,  
Had it not been for his treasures of gold!  
Well, the fair Lady JANE, with the beautiful eyes,  
To the altar was led by Sir ABRA the wise,  
But to you, dearest reader, I hardly need tell,  
That such unions never turn out very well,  
For there's sure to be tumult and family strife,  
When an elderly gentleman marries a wife

Much beneath him in age,—and between you and me,  
Lady JANE was too fond of Sir RUPERT SANS FEE,  
And in spite of the strict matrimonial tie,  
She was somewhat too prone to heave sigh after sigh,  
And to murmur his name, which was not quite the way  
To fulfil the commandment 'to love and obey';  
But Sir ABRA gave way to her smallest desire,  
And she'd everything that a wife *ought* to require.

The old castle-clock in the old clock-tower  
Has solemnly tolled the midnight hour,  
And Sir ABRA sits in his turret high,—  
Sits in his turret near to the sky.  
It is just ten years since his wedding day,  
And his eyes are dim and his locks are grey,  
And he looks like a statue seated there,  
For he scarcely moves in his old arm-chair.  
That weird old man is a curious sight,  
In that mystic place in the dead of night,  
For the strangest of objects are scattered around,—  
They hang from the ceiling, they stand on the ground,—  
Of birds, beasts, and reptiles, a goodly array,  
Show their skeleton forms, but I really can't say  
What their class, order, species, or genus might be,—  
Osteology never was studied by me.  
There are telescopes, microscopes, magical rings,

Manuscripts, compasses,—all sorts of things ;  
Books on philosophy, books on the stars,  
Alembics and crucibles, bottles and jars.  
But the strangest sight is that ancient sage,  
As he knits his brow o'er a manuscript page,  
Filled with some curious magical lore,  
That practical folk would consider a bore.  
He rises at length with a troubled look,  
And he sadly sighs as he closes his book,  
And a wonderful thing then comes to pass,  
For he takes from a shelf his ' magic glass.'  
He fits on the crown of his old grey head,  
A comical cap with a tassel of red,  
(With which, by-the-bye, when the wearer was clad,  
It certain acoustical properties had.)  
Then he looks in the mirror, and what does he see ?  
Can it be his young wife, with Sir RUPERT SANS FEE,—  
Standing out there by the orchard gate,—  
Standing out there,—and the night so late ?  
Or is it a whim of the toil-worn brain ?  
No, the picture presented is only too plain,  
And the lady is speaking, and what does he hear ?  
(I'm afraid it was something like "RUPERT, my dear"!)  
And his blood runs cold as he hears her say,  
" It will not be long ere our wedding-day.  
Then we shall be happy with riches untold,—

For Sir ABRA is ailing, Sir ABRA is old,  
And cannot last long"—and then with a sigh  
She wishes her lover a tender 'good-bye.'  
And where have the old man's senses flown,  
That he sits as dumb as an image of stone,—  
Why will he not rest his old grey head,—  
Surely, Sir ABRA, 'tis time for bed !  
See, the flickering lamp is burning blue,  
And the castle-clock has just struck two,  
And 'tis nearly morn,—in an hour or so  
The farm-yard cock will begin to crow.  
See, the lamp is out and the early light  
Is beginning to scatter the shadows of night !  
And the hills are blushing a rosy red,—  
Come, come, Sir ABRA, 'tis time for bed !  
But his head reclines on his agéd breast,  
And he sees not the light on the mountain's crest,  
Nor the sunbeams that peep thro' the window-bars,  
And shine o'er his crucibles, bottles, and jars,—  
And the morning dawns, and it finds him there,—  
Sir ABRA lies dead in his old arm-chair.

. . . . .  
Three days of sadness and mournful gloom,—  
Then Sir ABRA was laid in the family tomb.  
And along with his ancestors there let him rest,  
Sleeping the sleep of the good and the blest !



A few months passed, and the Lady JANE  
Had searched the old castle, but searched in vain,—  
For the riches vast and the golden hoard  
That Sir ABRA CADABRA was thought to have stored.  
Then she summoned Sir RUPERT, to ask his aid,  
And together they made a most desperate raid.  
Into every cranny and corner and nook  
They failed not to rummage, they failed not to look,—  
They searched in the orchard, they searched all  
around,  
They searched from the attics right down to the  
ground.  
They made sad work in the old man's cell,  
Where they left all the specimens scattered pell-mell,  
Overturning the acids and chemical stuff,  
But of that special chamber they soon had enough,  
For the delicate nostrils of 'Venus' and 'Mars'  
Couldn't stand the strong odor from bottles and jars,  
Moreover whilst searching the old turret o'er  
They had hit on a cupboard and opened the door,  
And a human skeleton standing there,  
Had given the lady a fearful scare.  
Dearest reader, I think you'll not need to be told  
They found plenty of *dust*;—but it wasn't *of gold*!—  
Recollect ere you censure their greed as a crime,  
That I'm telling a tale of the olden-time;

In those far-distant days education had not  
To its present high state of advancement got.  
Of course such a very remarkable case  
In our modern age couldn't well take place,  
For we've grown far too moral for any such thing,  
And when married we *never* prove false to the ring !  
Well, at last they found in an old oak chest,  
A will with Sir ABRA'S last bequest.  
Along with an old pair of shoes it lay—  
How long it had been there I cannot well say,—  
'Twas the very last will of that learned man,  
And thus tersely-worded, the document ran :—  
" I, Sir ABRA CADABRA, do solemnly,—*grieve*,  
Because I have nothing whatever to leave,  
With the single exception of household stock,  
Which I give to my widow—to her, *en bloc*—  
To Sir RUPERT I leave—what I hope he wont lose—  
This pair (somewhat tattered) of old leather shoes,  
Hoping that he, dear Sir RUPERT SANS FEE,—  
Will wear them sometimes in remembrance of me.  
The Castle and heirlooms belong, as of right,  
To my nephew and heir, young Sir ROBERT DE  
BRYGHE.  
Of the shoes;—but no doubt you remember the  
saw" !—  
" Duly signed and attested according to law."

Then Sir RUPERT stormed and tore his hair,  
And the lady fainted in sheer despair ;  
And the grief of the couple was sad to behold,  
For gone were the beautiful visions of gold !  
And such was the lady's state that she  
Went and shut herself up in a nunnery ;  
While such was Sir RUPERT's grief and ire  
That he donned the robe of a mendicant friar.

## MORAL.

The moral is short, and is very soon told,—  
“ Young ladies, don't wed an old man for his gold,—  
For of riches his only available store  
*May* consist in his knowledge of magical lore !  
And young men, who may chance this true tale to  
peruse,  
Never wait to step into a dead man's shoes,—  
And if thus to act you at all feel inclined,—  
Pray pause, and recall the old proverb to mind,  
Which states what will happen to people who choose  
To await the reversion of *dead men's shoes* !

---

## THE UNLUCKY MAN.

'Tis strange, and yet I cannot tell  
The reason of this awful blight,  
But ever since my life began,  
I've been a most unlucky wight !

When but a child, I chanced to roam  
One moment from my nurse's lap,  
I'd burn my fingers, singe my hair,  
Or meet with other strange mishap !

I never loved a little maid  
In dainty pinafore and frock,  
That did not snub me,—pull my hair,—  
Or eat up all my Almond Rock !

At school I oft' a whipping got,  
(A thing that causes little joy)  
For faults and follies that had been  
Committed by some other boy !

And now, no matter where I go,  
I'm sure to meet that fellow Brown,  
Who talks about "his friend the Duke"  
Then coolly borrows half-a-crown !

I never play a hand at whist,  
But what—'tis really very hard—  
My partner's sure to 'make revoke,'  
Or else to trump my 'master-card' !

Whenever I go out to dine,  
Or chance at country house to stop,  
My host is sure to place me near  
Some learned bore, who *will* talk 'shop' !

When, after supper on the lawn,  
I whisper love in Fanny's ear,  
I'm sure to hear Ma's voice exclaim,  
"Come, darling, you'll catch cold I fear !"

I never can investment make,  
Nor speculate with idle cash,  
In bond or share, or anything,  
But there is sure to be a smash !

In fact, no matter what I do,  
No matter how I scheme or plan,  
I still remain, and always was,  
A blighted and unlucky man !

---

## THE PHANTOM CLIENT;

OR,

THE LAY OF THE FEELESS ONE.

WHO *is* this strange client of mine,—  
(I suppose I must call him so)  
A *precedent* he, quite as useless to me  
As an obsolete '*Roe*' or a '*Doe*.'  
For years he has haunted me,  
And daily he haunts me still,—  
That phantom there, in the 'client's chair,'  
Who never discharges his bill !

He may be a *tenant for life*,—  
Were he merely a *tenant at will*,  
I'd quickly *elect* that shade to *eject*  
And forgive him that unpaid bill.

Were he only a *legal* 'form,'  
He might be of use some day,—  
But you see that at most, he is only a ghost,  
Whose visits can never repay.

Settlement, Mortgage and Bond,  
For this spectre I've drawn, you must know,  
I have proved him to be legal *owner in fee*  
Of an elegant *Spanish Chateau*.

And I wish he would go to reside  
In that castle beyond the sea. '   
He might go,—that's flat,—for a '*ne exeat*.'  
Would not be applied for by me.

But some day I hope to see—  
O, the bliss if I only could !—  
In that phantom's place, the welcome face  
Of a client of flesh and blood.  
For years he has haunted me,  
And daily he haunts me still,—  
That phantom there, in the ' client's chair,'  
Who never discharges his bill !



## AT THE PANTOMIME.

O, ANGELINA VERE DE VERE,  
Thy beauty won my heart I fear,  
When first I,—from the second tier,—  
Gazed down upon thee

Thy winning smile I thought divine,—  
All earthly charms were surely thine,—  
I only wished that thou wert mine,—  
Sweet fairy-queen !

How graceful was thy studied pose,—  
How charming thy *retroussé* nose,—  
But O, how scant thy fairy-hose,—  
My sweet bewitcher !

Thy cheeks were like the roses fair,—  
Thy ruby lips beyond compare,—  
Bright jewels glistened in thy hair,—  
In rich profusion !

Thy words in liquid accents fell,  
Like tinklings of a silver bell,—  
Each word and look I knew full well,—  
Divinest creature !

In nightly dreams, I saw thy face,  
And form of most consummate grace,—  
There was not in my love, a trace  
Of base alloy !

O, how my wounded feelings smart,—  
Pierced thro' and thro' by poisoned dart,—  
Since I have been informed thou art  
*The Gasman's Wife ! !*

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